THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LVIII.

THERE have been so many descriptions of Paris, that a good account of the city and its curiosities, might be written by one who had never been there; I am not certain but that it would be by far the most exact; but you may at least be satisfied in reading these letters, that you have a plain and unaffected account of all I saw and all I felt; you must allow me, therefore, to go on as I have done, transmitting the impressions of the moment, from my commonplace book, mixing anecdotes of ancient or modern history, as I see proper, and availing myself of the experience and observations of others, without the formality of quotation. Any history of France will tell you the origin and progress of this overgrown capital, which has contributed so much to the revolution: it was for many years confined to the island still known by the name of the city, extending by very slow degrees over the low grounds and marshes on both sides of the river, and up the slopes of the neighbouring hills. During the second race of kings, it rather declined, for the princes of that dynasty, were either engaged in distant wars, or were weak and indolent, and alike incapable of rendering themselves formidable abroad or respectable at home. The inroads of the Normans, meanwhile extended to the very brink of the river, and the city must at length have become their prey, had it not been saved by the valour and abilities and great resources of Count Hugh, in whose domain it was situated; such important services, and the extreme degradation of the royal family, rendered it easy for the Count to add the title of King to the power he had so long exercised: it was customary in those days, to distinguish persons of eminence by some sobriquet, in the nature of a surname, and Hugh was surnamed Capet, from his custom of appearing frequently abroad, with a

hood. It has gratified the hatred of the republican party, to apply the same appellation to their last king, in the hope of rendering him ridiculous; but there surely was no more propriety in their doing so, than there would have been in the English calling the unfortunate Edward the 2d, by the name of long legs, or any of the sons of Henry the 2d, by that of Beauclerc. Men become corrupt, perhaps, from being brought together in great numbers, and from various circumstances which attend the neighbourhood of a court; surely the Parisians could not otherwise have so far degenerated from the character which Julian gives their ancestors, as to deserve that Voltaire should call them a compound of the monkey and the tyger, or have differed so much from the rest of France, as to be at all times conspicuous for their mean submission, or their spirit of revolt. In looking over the history of France, you will see them seize and insult the person of their Prince, in the 15th century; put his faithful servants to death in his presence, and bursting open the prisons, indiscriminately destroy all who were confined there: in the next century they became the humble tools of the court, and distinguished themselves by their alacrity in carrying into execution the perfidious and destructive views of Catharine of Medici: their inveterate opposition to Henry IV, may have been confounded in such minds with a sense of their religious duties, but they have no excuse for devouring the body of Concini, or lending themselves to the ambition of a few factious individuals, in the war of the Fronde; nor is it possible to reconcile their adulation of Louis XIV, and their joy so extravagantly expressed at the recovery of his successour, with their insolent, unfeeling triumph over all the distress of their last monarch and his unfortunate family. But, whatever character the inhabitants may have supported, their city is certainly, and in every sense, one of the first in the world; it contains all that can gratify the most liberal curiosity, and all that can amuse or can embellish life. I must now beg you to spread a plan of Paris upon the table, and to follow us in our excursions, if you wish to be interested in them, and to bestow upon me the only reward I am ambitious of for the trouble I have had in keeping notes, and in giving them the form of a narration. Our first excursion was in the evening, we passed by the church of the Madelaine, where the mutilated remains of the king and queen lie interred, amid the victims of the fatal confusion which took place on the day their nuptials were celebrated, through the street which was the scene of confusion upon that occasion, into the handsome square that separates the garden of the Thuileries from the publick walk, which, with no little exaggeration, has been named the Elysian fields: it was in this square that the cursed instrument was placed which shed so much blood during the revolution, and it is singular that the spot should never since have been paved, so that, to the rattling of carriages from every direction across the square, there succeeds a moment of silence in the centre. A lawgiver who had been desirous of reminding every one that traversed this fatal spot, of the sad scenes which had been acted there, could not have contrived a better expedient. The garden of the Thuileries is formality itself, with statues at regular distances, like soldiers upon guard, and two or three circular ponds; but the shade of the trees in summer, must be delightful; the palace which presents itself at one extremity, seems suitable to the residence of a great monarch—it was here that, two days before the St. Barthelimi, Catharine of Medici gave a splendid entertainment, at which she received the greater part of those who were already singled out for assassination, amusing herself in the masque which was performed, and which was of her own invention, with an allegorical representation of the scene that was so soon to follow: it was here also, that the faithful Swiss de-

fended the last hours of Louis 16th, when the National Assembly were waiting for the event of the contest, that they might declare themselves accordingly: it was there that the monarch ought to have died; but, unfortunately for him, though he could bear death, he could not encounter the approach of it; his courage was not that of activity, but of patience; it was that of a martyr, who folds his arms and blesses his assailants. The French are such a walking nation, that great numbers are to be seen here whenever the weather will permit; some are strolling along the terrace which goes round the garden, and others are in groups, discussing the newspaper of the day, for want of better information; but I observed that no one, however inferiour or even singular his dress, or general appearance might be, ever excited attention; I do not believe that they would turn round to look at a man dressed in sheep skin. Of the interiour of the palace I know nothing; the part inhabited by the Imperial Family is on the left of the gateway, to one who approaches from the square of the Carousal, and cannot, from the size of the windows and the distance between the different stories, contain very magnificent apartments: Voltaire, in his age of Louis XIV, will make you acquainted with the Carousal, which has been enlarged and beautified since those days, and is as superiour to the carousal of Louis XIV, as the martial parade days of the Emperour are to the idle pomp and magnificence of that ostentatious monarch. In front of the palace, and on the side I am now describing, is a handsome railing, which is diversified by different emblems and ornaments, but particularly by the four horses of Bronze, which were brought from Venice: Heavens, what a mass of interesting information might be had, if one of these animals could be inspired as the horse of Achilles, or the ass of Balaam was; we are not certain of their origin, but we know that they are from Greece, that they formed a part of the ornaments of Nero's golden house, that they afterwards belonged to Constantine, and that they attracted the admiration of the French and Venetians, upwards of eight hundred years ago. It was on his way to the palace of the Thuileries, that Buonaparte, when first consul, so narrowly escaped the danger of the infernal machine: a cart had been provided not unlike one of our drays of the largest dimensions; its only load was a hogshead, which seemed to contain wine, but which in reality concealed a smaller cask, filled with powder; in the interiour part of this was a gun-lock, with a string leading from the trigger to some part of the body or the shafts of the cart, so as to be pulled at pleasure by the conductor, who walked along side, and it was contrived that he should have time to save himself; this seeming cart had been driven by a poor unconscious boy, provided for the occasion, to a narrow part of the street, and he was ordered to turn it, just as the consul's carriage was heard behind; it was intended that the passage between the extremity of the cart and the wall, should be so impeded as to delay the carriage at least a minute, and a minute would have been sufficient; but the coachman, who had drank a bottle more than usual that afternoon, would be stopped by nothing, he rushed on at the risk of breaking the carriage, and the consul was already out of danger when the explosion took place. It was fatal to the poor boy, and to forty or fifty persons who were passing, or were in the neighbouring houses—and surely no one can regret, that the inventors of such a truly infernal contrivance, should have been detected and should have suffered for it. The southern exit from the Thuileries leads in a few steps to the Port Royal, now known by another name; suppose yourself there for a moment, and admire the prospect as you look up the stream: on the left is the gallery of the Thuileries, built by Louis XIV, to join that of the Louvre, which is now the receptacle of almost all the most distinguished specimens

of sculpture and painting to be found in Europe, and then succeeds the Palace of the Louvre, so long the residence of the kings of France. The present possessor seems determined to complete what appears to have been the original design, and to render every part of the building worthy of the celebrated facade, of which we read so much in Voltaire and others: I am only surprised that he should have given into the littleness of making the letter N the principal ornament; it supplies the place of the ancient *fleur de lis*, and everywhere stares one in the face. A little above the Port Royal, is the Port des Arts, which exhibits a very light appearance; it is intended for foot passengers only, and is made of iron, it crosses from nearly under the windows of the Louvre where Charles the 9th was placed when he fired upon his Protestant subjects: the conduct of this prince, during the little while he reigned, is a sad proof of the evils which may be produced by pernicious counsellors and bad domestick example: he was naturally of a good disposition, and fully sensible, when it was too late, of the ignominy he had brought down upon himself; and we cannot be surprised that he should, and particularly in those days, have attributed the singular disorder which afflicted him, to the particular interference of Providence. To the Port des Arts, succeeds the Pont Neuf, it joins the two sides of the river to what was once a little marshy island, separated by a narrow channel from the city: on this spot stood the statue of Henry the 4th, which for many years excited the sensibility of all good Frenchmen, but which was destroyed, with every other vestige of royalty, in the madness of the revolution; it was here also that the scaffold was erected, on which the Knights Templars perished, in the reign of Philip the fair, who in his eagerness after money, could break through every restraint of justice and humanity. I have always admired the noble firmness of those gallant gentlemen, who preferred death in one of its most painful forms to the confession of a crime they felt themselves innocent of. On the opposite side of the river to the Louvre and the Palace and Gallery of the Thuileries, are several handsome hotels, and a line of lofty houses, and what would, perhaps, principally excite your attention, the college built by Cardinal Mazarin, for a description of which, I must refer you to some printed account. Both sides of the river are handsomely cased with stone, and there are flights of steps at regular intervals, for the conveniency of loading and unloading the enormous barges, in which the trade of the city is carried on with the country; the only appearances of navigation in addition to these unwieldy barges, are the floating sheds for washerwomen, and the bathing machines, some of which, with all their various accommodations for the reception of two or three hundred persons at a time, remind one of the description of Noah's Ark; the stream itself is too turbid to be an object of admiration; it becomes, besides, very shallow in summer, and is then disfigured by sand banks; the most admired of the bridges, is the one which crosses from the square of Louis XVI, or of the Revolution, or of Concord, as it is now called, to within a few yards of the Palace of the Legislative Body, once known by the name of the Palais Bourbon, and built by Louis XIV, for his beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, whom you see mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sevignè. After having placed you in imagination, on the Pont Royal or Pont des Thuileries, and desired you to look up the stream, to suppose yourself upon some elevated spot, upon one of the towers of Notre Dame for instance, and to be looking down upon the city, with the assistance of such a friend as Don Cleofas had, would be the best manner of describing it; but neither my knowledge nor your patience, would be equal to the task. There are several other bridges, connecting the islands to each other, or to either side of the

river, some of which are remarkable to a stranger, for being still covered with lofty houses, and for the events in ancient or modern history, of which they have been the scene : it was at the extremity of the Pont de Charge, where there is now an open space, that the famous tower stood, which was the great bulwark of Paris, against the Normans ; and on the next bridge, which is called the Pont de Notre Dame itself, that the Legate was reviewing a regiment of monks at the time of the league, when they handled their arms so awkwardly as to shoot his secretary by his side, and to alarm him for his own safety in the midst of his benedictines. The bridge highest up the river, is the one which connects the quater of the Arsenal with the Garden of Plants ; it is of iron, and intended, like the Pont des Arts, for the passage of persons on foot only ; it has been but lately finished, and is probably what M. de Champagny, the minister of the interiour alludes to, when in a language which Pope would have called prose run mad, he tells the world that the Seine, as it enters Paris, is lost in worder at the works which have been erected by the hero of France. I should not be surprised, if he told us in his next exposition of the empire, that the monsters of the deep had made their way up to Paris, to admire the improvements at the Louvre ; and the fact is, that a porpoise was actually seen in the river the other day. The style of Burke and of Mirabeau was of another sort, but perhaps freedom, or the act of struggling for the recovery of it, is essential to eloquence: the orâtour upon this occasion, is a man of great and distinguished abilities, and cannot in the application of so much hyperbole and exaggeration, but do a painful violence to his own better judgment ; even the Emperour must be ashamed of such senseless flattery, but he and his ministers treat the nation as a nurse does a child, when she tells him a story in order to keep him still, of Blue beard, and of Jack the giant-killer.

LETTER LIX.

The facade of the Louvre is, as I have mentioned, worthy of all that has been said of it ; it is a handsome front, in which every ornament is connected with some apparent utility; the columns seem such as the weight to be supported required, and the whole is a compound of uniform and regular simplicity. It is singular, that every art should in its utmost improvement, approach so near in some respects, in appearance at least, to the point at which improvement began—it is so certainly, with musick, which never, I have often had occasion to observe, commands such universal attention, as when, like Rosseau's, for instance, it belongs to that species of simple melody which one may suppose to have been the musick of nature. The same observation might perhaps, be applied to the manners of private life; the utmost refinement of which is to place every one at their ease, and yet such probably was the case in every assembly of savages, before improvement commenced. In poetry too, the most difficult of all arts, one principal requisite of perfection, is an apparent facility, which seems the inspiration of nature itself—Racine and Pope, the two most elegant and correct of the English and French poets, wrote verse in all probability, with great mental exertion, and yet what can be more natural than the language of Iphegenie and of Eloisa ? their sentiments are precisely such, we feel, as persons in their situation, might be supposed to experience ; their language seems the plain and natural expression of the mind, and if the words at the ends of the lines rhyme, it is because no other words would have so well conveyed the meaning intended. The object of the artist, therefore, ought to be, while he adorns, never to lose sight of nature—this is one of the secrets of good acting also, though too seldom attended to on the stage. You remember, no doubt, Fielding's elegant compliment to Garrick on that

head, in his Tom Jones—Partridge, who thought that art must be something very remote from nature, cannot conceive what there is to admire in Garrick's acting; would any man, he asks, who suspected his mother of such a crime as Hamlet does the Queen, or who had seen his father's ghost, look, and hold himself otherwise? and where was the merit of doing what every body could do? But let me conclude my digression with a sentence from Addison, who observes, that as nothing can be beautiful which is not just, so nothing can be ornamental which is not useful; the basis of wit is truth, the basis of ornament is utility. If the Emperour perseveres in his plan of embellishing Paris, he will, no doubt, disengage the handsome front of this ancient palace, from the buildings which destroy the effect of it; he will do as he has done in many other places; he will order the buildings to be pulled down, and the proprietors will find their names on the list of national creditors, so as to receive the interest of what the property is valued at. The kings of France had not, for some centuries, resided at the Louvre, when Charles IX, chose it for the place of his residence: it was thence that Henry III, fled before the Duke of Guise; that the melancholy and solitary Louis XIII lived; and that the widow of Charles I was lodged, when she confessed to the Cardinal de Retz, that she had not the means of ordering a fire lighted in her daughter's bed chamber. The object however, which carries strangers to the Louvre, is the gallery, which is connected with that ancient palace—on the one side and with the Thuileries, on the other and which contains all the pictures and statues that have been sacrificed at different times to the irresistible preponderance of the French arms, or presented with a view of soothing the angry spirit of Buonaparte. The statues are on the ground floor, and they are placed so as to be seen to the utmost advantage; those who are judges of sculpture, must derive inexhaustible satisfaction from walking among these masterpieces of ancient times—to me they were no further interesting than as they represented the countenances of distinguished individuals: the head of Augustus, or of Julius Cæsar, the gloomy, thoughtful face of Brutus; the mind of Socrates beaming through the mask of a harsh countenance; the appearance and attitude of Cicero, and what may be considered the portraits of so many eminent personages of former days—carry us back to the times they lived in, and add a new interest to history; even the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology, are so familiar to our imagination, that we know their statues at first sight; we are awed at the angry majesty of Apollo, and admire the grace with which Diana seems to join in the amusement she condescends to partake of. A Roman magistrate in his curule chair, or a warriour dying, or even Meleager, who is in some measure a personage from history, seems to deserve that the sculptor should have employed the perfection of his art in transmitting them to posterity; but a man drawing a thorn out of his foot, or the contortions of one struggling within the frightful clasp of an enormous serpent, or a wretched gladiator fainting under the loss of blood, are objects from which we should turn our eyes with horrour and disgust; and I cannot conceive how the merit of the execution should have got the better of so natural a sentiment in almost every beholder: there was another sentiment which rendered the view of some of these celebrated works of art, less agreeable to me; I had seen them formerly in Italy, or knew that they had been brought thence, and it grieved me to think, that this additional indignity should have been offered to the majesty of ancient Rome. Mr. Carr thinks that this valuable collection of the Louvre will reestablish the better feelings of human nature in the breasts of those, who have been so long alienated from all that religion teaches, or humanity

inspires; and there are others who think that it will make Paris the capital of the arts, by putting it into the power of every Frenchman to study the best models at so small an expense; but Mr. Carr writes like a very young man, and I much question whether the idea last mentioned is more likely to be realised. Men very seldom visit, they very seldom, at least, do justice to what is at their own doors, and the effort which was formerly made to pass the Alps, and the air of Italy and the sight of Rome had all their effect upon the mind of the young artist—he felt too, when at a distance from home, that it was now too late to choose another profession; he was elated to enjoy advantages which were not common to every one, and he easily imbibed that enthusiasm which is so essential to success. As to the various statues of Venus, from that of Medici, to the other celebrated one, whose name I forget, they certainly are very admirable specimens of human art, and I should not be surprised, if they sometimes called to the mind of the spectator in favour of the artist, the very prophane idea of a King of Portugal, who used to say, that if the Almighty had consulted him at the creation, he could have given some very good hints. Whatever effect this exhibition of sculpture may have had upon the arts, its influence upon the dress of modern times is very apparent: the long stiff stays and enormous petticoat, which looked like a fortification, and the load of gauze and lace upon the head, and the mass of hair supported by a cushion; and in young persons, flowing half way down the back, have given way to the dress of the Grecian ladies, to a loose robe, collected by a cincture, forming a knot of ribbons at the side. The hair is become as it should be, the best ornament of the head—its native colour is undisguised by powder, the forehead is slightly covered by curls, but the rest of the hair is put up in such a way as to restore the throat, and the back of the neck, and the temples, to their right of admiration. The eyes of a statue being of the same colour as the head, renders it impossible that the face should have much expression; it seems also, that the ancients were desirous in their representations of ideal beauty, that the mind of the beholder should be impressed with respect, and that his admiration should be chastened by a sentiment of religious awe; the bosom too, where modest, unostentatious beauty is represented in the person of a matron or her daughter, is made to attain but to a gentle elevation at most, and is scrupulously covered; nor is the dignified gravity of the countenance ever diversified by more than a smile—some good ideas of education, therefore, as well as of dress, might be derived perhaps, from an attentive consideration of those ancient statues. The upper floor of this palace of the Arts, as it is not improperly called, contains the finest productions of the French, the Flemish, and Italian schools of painting; they succeed each other in regular order, along the walls of a noble room, which is well lighted and warmed, and is upwards of twelve hundred feet in length. Violence and rapine have enriched this collection as well as that of sculpture, but as the artists of the country have also contributed to it, and as I had no individual knowledge of any particular piece, as in the case of the Laocoon, the Venus of Medici, or the Apollo, I should have derived a great deal more satisfaction from a view of the works it contains, than from those of the room below, had I possessed the principles of the art. There is something, however, in painting to gratify the taste of the most unlearned, and there is an endless variety: landscapes set off with that mixture of light and shade, which the eye of the artist alone could seize, and with all the original mixture and variety of colours; the remains of ancient theatres or temples; the view of some well-known town, seen at a distance; of a sea-port, or of a field of battle, and views of rural life, and the representation of animals, of fruits and

of flowers, may have charms even for those who know nothing of painting: our imagination too, is easily led by such artists as Raphael or Michael Angelo, to adopt their representation of the ancient philosophers, and even of the apostles, as exact; but none of their figures carry in any degree with them, I think, the impression of divinity—I cannot represent to myself, the Great Father of us all, the Almighty Ruler of the universe, under a human form. There are circumstances too in the history of our Saviour, better left to the imagination of the Christian, than represented so exactly—the events of his infancy, or even of the flight into Egypt, are rendered interesting, though they bring the Divine Personage too much upon a level with the rest of mankind; but the punishments inflicted by the Jews, inspire a sentiment not sufficiently dignified for the occasion, and the celebrated descent from the cross is horrible to look at. It is here or in sculpture, the merit of the execution is supposed to be altogether independent of the subject, and we are called upon to admire the representation of scenes, at the perpetration of which, we would not for the universe be present. A pious hermit, let down by pullies, into a cauldron of boiling oil; or the body of a beautiful female Saint, torn by pincers; or that abominable Judith, with the head of Holophernes, even though from the pencil of Raphael, cannot but inspire horrour. The same may be said of the Flemish and Dutch schools, where low and disagreeable objects and scenes, drawn from the vulgar amusements of the coarsest peasants, are represented with disgusting fidelity—there is an excellent criticism upon this style of painting, in Peregrine Pickle, and I could not help thinking of that gay youth upon many occasions, as I passed through Paris, and of the raptures of his friend Pallet, whenever I saw a Dutch picture. I saw with pleasure, the portaits of many distingiushed individuals, both of ancient and modern times; there is one of Charles the I, of England, which is like life itself; it has the defect, however, I think, of representing him as if he stood to be painted; there are several of Louis XIV, one of those represents him on horseback, as entering some town in Flanders; there is the pride of personal beauty expressed in his whole figure, from the plumes on his hat and the plaits in his cravat, to the manner of holding his foot in the stirrup. One of the many inexplicable circumstances in the arrangement of human affairs, is that such a monarch as this, who considered the property of his subjects as his patrimony, who lavished millions on his pleasures, and in the prosecution of unnecessary wars, should have concluded his days in peace, at an advanced old age, and that Louis XVI should have been dragged to execution. The miniatures of Madame de Sevignè and her daughter, and of Madame de Maintenon, of the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos, with those of many other well-known persons, who lived in those times, are in a case together, and draw our attention very forcibly. Neither the features of Madame de Sevignè nor of her daughter, are such as I had expected; we look in vain for the spritely air of one, or the dazzling beauty of the other; Madame de Maintenon appears to have been graceful, and to have dressed to great advantage; the miniature of the celebrated Ninon, is that which has suffered least from time, and tradition says that the likeness is good. The account which Plutarch gives of some distinguished ladies of ancient Greece, would suit this singular personage, whose good sense, embellished by all the graces of conversation, might have drawn numbers about her, though she wanted the recommendation of beauty; she was in many respects, what you would call a horrid creature; and if you enter into the feelings of Madame de Sevignè, you must dislike her extremely; but she was disinterested in her attachment, faithful in friendship at least, and had all those virtues which the world

commonly supposes, when they speak of an honourable and accomplished man. My account of this great receptacle of the works of art and of genius, will have appeared a very imperfect one; but a catalogue of the pieces alone, without any description whatever, would have filled a book, and though in the course of the several walks I have taken in the Gallery, I might have benefited by the observations of others, so as to repeat the common opinion on the merit of a great many of them; yet I thought it best to refer you, as I have frequently done, for any further information, to books of travels—where you find the whole very accurately described. There are some sea-pieces by Vernet, which attract universal admiration; Louis XV was so struck with their merit, that they drew from him an idea which seems to have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy; I foresee, said the lazy monarch, I foresee that the time will come, when we shall have no other marine in France, but that of Vernet.

BIOGRAPHY.

John Radcliffe, M. D.

Dr. Radcliffe was a native of Wakefield in Yorkshire, and observed by the neighbouring gentry to be a boy of excellent capacity; this circumstance, together with the numerous family of his parents, induced them to educate him at their own expense: when 15 years of age he was sent to University College, where his mother (then a widow) assisted him in obtaining a thorough knowledge of Botany, Chymistry, and Anatomy. He afterwards became a fellow of Lincoln college, and commenced physician with a sovereign contempt for the works of medical writers: "There," said he, "is Radcliffe's library," pointing to a few books on a window seat. The faculty in revenge called his cures "*Guesswork*," and he retorted by terming them "*Old Nurses*."

His abhorrence of the absurd practice of consulting the water of patients is well known. Nature was his guide, and she led him to adopt a cool regimen in the small-pox, which has saved numbers of lives, preserved the smoothness and beauty of many faces. Several circumstances conspired to render his resisence at Oxford unpleasant, he therefore went to London, where his practice became general, and he was equally celebrated for his wit and his prescriptions; the former blazed forth with native frankness without respect to place or persons: he told king William "I would not have "your *two* legs for your *three* kingdoms," and queen Anne, by a messenger who had been sent for him, that "Her majesty was as well as any woman in England, if she would think so."

Dr. Radcliffe was a firm friend, and his lamentations on the death of the duke of Beaufort and lord Craven do honour to his feelings; he has however been accused of parsimony, and neglect of his family; the latter charge he endeavoured to obviate by leaving liberal annuities to his two sisters, two nephews and a niece, and rewarding his servants; several acts are recorded of his benevolence, and he not only forgave, but provided for a criminal who had robbed him, and exulted in restoring a servant whom he suspected and had dismissed. He was once informed of a considerable loss he had sustained by the capture of a ship, in which some of his property had been embarked, and answered the usual compliments of condolence, with a smile and "put round the bottle, my lord, I have only to go up 250 pair of stairs to make myself whole again."

It is believed that he distributed large sums in private charity to the non-juring clergy of England, and the deprived Episcopal clergy of Scotland; and he is known to have been very liberal to the society for promoting Christian Knowledge; and to his friend Dr. Walker, a Roman Catho-

lick, to whom he gave a hansome competence, and a respectable funeral after his decease; it has been suspected that he gave his purse with his friendship to Dr. Sacheverell.

His constitution was strong, and he had a turn for convivialty, but when he entertained Prince Eugene, he gave him plain beef and pudding, for which the prince returned him thanks, as having considered him "not as a courtier, but as a soldier."

He was to have married a lady with 15,000l. fortune, who endeavoured to conceal her pregnancy by a favoured rival; far from resenting her conduct after the discovery, he pleaded to her father for forgiveness, and advised him to marry her to the man of her choice, that he might give her property *legally* to the young "*Hans-en Kelder*."

Dr. Radcliffe died Nov. 1, 1714, and was buried at St. Mary's church, Oxford, with a solemnity commensurate to his munificence to that University. His death is supposed to have been accelerated by the vexation he experienced for not having attended queen Anne during her last moments, as ordered by the privy council.

His property (exclusive of the legacies mentioned above) he bequeathed to the University of Oxford where his library is a sufficient monument to his memory; and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

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Matthew Prior.

The account of Prior's earliest life is involved in obscurity and contradiction; whether by accident or design in himself, it is now fruitless to inquire. The time of his birth is certain, July 21, 1664: the place of it has been contested. Tradition fixes it at Wimborn-Minster, in Dorsetshire*; his own account assigns it to the county of Middlesex. The register-books of St. John's College, Cambridge, which record his admission and preferment there, describe him at different periods of each county. What is most singular in this respect is, that the members of his college, who one would think were the most interested in knowing the truth, did not exact it of him, when they conferred their favours upon him, in his election to a fellowship among them. But whatever was his reason for preferring Middlesex to Dorsetshire, certain it is, that he adhered to his first choice, as his own narrative describes him of that county, and the son of a citizen and joiner of London. But whether cradled in a cottage or a shop, he raised himself above his condition, and became at length, by his own talents and exertions, the representative of his sovereigns at different courts, and a favourite with their rival monarch.

As his father is little noticed, it may be presumed he died while his son was very young, when the care of him devolved upon his uncle, a vintner at Charing-cross, who placed him at Westminster school, where the celebrated Busby was then head master. How far the abilities of the future poet and statesman then displayed themselves, has not been told; but the discernment of the master was such, that we may be sure that any eminence in the scholar would not be overlooked; and if, according to a story that has not been contradicted, he was capable of expounding a difficult passage in Horace, to the satisfaction of lord Dorset, and such men as he associated with, it must be allowed that he had made good use of his opportunities, and was worthy of the patronage which that nobleman afforded him. It is

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* As his parents are allowed to have been Dissenters, no assistance can be had from parochial register towards clearing up this point; but the following lines in his epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd certainly countenance the opinion of his early institution in the country.

So in the barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my grannam I have gone

reasonable to suppose that the earl would require some further testimony of the youth's capacity and good behaviour, before he would engage in the charge, whether wholly or in part of his education at the University; and as he was actually entered of St. John's College, Cambridge in his 18th year, it must be inferred that his character was answerable to the opinion that had been formed of him and that he was declared to be worthy of his lordship's protection.

Of his first years at Cambridge no particulars are known: but that he was guilty of irregularities of some kind, for which he was *discommoned*, to speak in the language of a college, is evident, from a Latin epistle, and a copy of verses in the same language, addressed to the master, Dr. Gower, deprecating the continuance of punishment, and promising good conduct in future, which were first published with his posthumous pieces, and have been since printed in a modern edition of his works.

It appears that he was in earnest when he promised amendment; for, during his residence at Cambridge, he wrote his Ode to the Deity, and jointly with Mr. Montague, the poem of the City Mouse and the Country Mouse, and some others. He took his degrees at the regular time, and was chosen fellow of his college; and this was all that the university could do for him. His future life, with the history of his publick employments, elevation, and his misfortunes, and his character as a politician and an authour, being well known, from the full account given of him in the "Biographia Britannia," and since, in Johnson's elegant narrative, in his characters of the English Poets, render it unnecessary to enlarge upon them here.

He quitted Cambridge and came to London, where the road to fame and fortune was open to him; and he found friends to put him in the right way.

It is probable that several of his early poems were printed singly, but they occur very rarely now in that state. Such as he thought fit were collected into a thin octavo volume, which was first printed in 1709; and there was a second edition of them in the same year. It was not till after his disgrace, and the loss of his place, that they were arranged in the manner we now see them in the magnificent fol. of 1718; then they were published by a large subscription for his benefit, and produced a considerable sum of money; since which time they have gone through many editions; and such is his general acceptation as a poet, that there is hardly a closet-full of books to be seen any where, without a PRIOR, in some form or other, on the shelves.

Prior died at Wimpole, near Cambridge, the seat of his great friend and patron, Edward, earl of Oxford, Sept. 18, 1721, and was buried in Westminster-abbey. One would think he might safely have trusted his fame to posterity when Pope acknowledged *he* should have been satisfied to have written his "Alma." But he thought it safer to provide for it himself, and accordingly left 500*l.* by his will for erecting a monument to his memory in that noble repository of departed greatness and genius, where—

"———————his bust
"Is mixt with heroes, and with kings his dust."

But his anxiety for postumous renown went still further; for whether doubtful of their abilities or their candour, he would not even trust his brother wits with his epitaph, making it an express article in his will, that it should be provided by Dr. Robert Friend. It is amusing to trace the variations of the human mind:—When the poet wrote his own epitaph, in his well known epigram, "Nobles and Heralds by your leave," or in *the serious inscription for his own tombstone*, he probably expressed his real sentiments at the time, and would have been content to have had either of them put over his grave; but these humble ideas were totally absorbed

in the recollection of diplomatick consequence, and the splendour of an ambassadour.

Prior left behind him, in manuscript, several pieces, which were in the possession of the late duchess dowager of Portland, who inherited them from her noble father, the earl of Oxford. Dr. Warton, who had seen them by permission of her grace, speaks greatly in their commendation. They consist principally of essays and dialogues, interspersed here and there with poetry. The doctor enumerates their titles in the first Appendix to his "Essay on the "Writings and Genius of Pope." The following extract from the Dialogue between sir Thomas More and the vicar of Bray, cannot but be acceptable to the readers of these volumes; and it is to be lamented that the whole work is not communicated to the publick, as it would show the authour to the world in a new light, as a prose writer of no common excellence. The vicar speaks thus to the chancellor:

"For concience, like a fiery horse,
"Will stumble, if you check his course;
"But ride him with an easy rein,
"And rub him down with worldly gain,
"He'll carry you through thick and thin.
"Safe, although dirty, to your inn."

Whether already satiated with the honours and troubles of a publick life, or mindful of the uncertainty of state-employments, Prior at one time appears to have entertained thoughts of securing to himself a permanent establishment, by procuring the provostship of Eaton College, a situation of learned leisure and dignified repose, which Wootton enjoyed, and Waller had solicited in vain. The authority for this is the following passage in a letter of Addison to Mr. Stepney, written about 1706—"I am told that Mr. Prior has bin (been) making an interest privately for the headship of Eton, in case Dr. Godolphin goes off in this removal of bishops." If such was his view, we know he did not succeed in it; but though he could not obtain a *mastership*, it is as notorious, that in his greatest elevation, he never lost sight of his *bread and cheese*, but kept fast hold of his *fellowship* at St. John's to his dying day.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

A clergyman's salary at Sheppey being small, and the service performed only once a month, some of the parishoners were desirous of more frequent opportunities for publick worship, and conversed on the subject with their minister; he offered, and I think not unreasonably, that if the parish would add ten pounds a-year to his income, to preach and pray once a fortnight.

A meeting was held to discuss the business; but the proposal of the clergyman was not acceded to. A profane rogue, whose wit sometimes runs away with his discretion, informed the divine, "that if he would abate ten pounds a-year in their tithes, they would excuse his coming at all."

Attachment of authours to the productions of their own pens.

Heliodorus, a Christian bishop in the fourth century, chose rather to be deprived of his ecclesiastical preferment, than burn, or even disavow, a romance he had written, called Æthiopica; had he indeed consented to make the sacrifice, it would have been shutting the door after the steed was stolen, as the book was written in his youth, but he was not made a bishop till considerably advanced in life.

Yet, however incongruous it may seem for a Prelate to write novels, his production appears to have been composed of materials far less in-

flammatory than the modern furniture of a circulating library; for in that part of his romance which tells of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, the heroine is warmly rebuked by her lover, for bestowing on him, in a frolicksome moment, an innocent kiss.

With respect to literary sacrifices, the present hour exhibits an instance highly injurious to the cause of science; the chymical pursuits of an excellent, an exemplary and highly endowed bishop have been thought, *by his brethren*, incompatible with episcopal dignity; reluctantly yielding to their suggestions, he burnt his papers and quitted the elaboratory with a sigh; while the coy nymph, who frowns on so many, but whose smiles and favours *he* had so peculiarly enjoyed, laments that the early object of his tender vows is forsaken; that the calls of religion and the allurements of clerical honour and emolument, have gained an inglorious victory over an attachment once so ardent.

Those who may praise the Grecian, at the expense of the English bishop, must make some allowance for superiority of temptation: a spiritual peerage, with two or three valuable commendams, and a *foreshortened* prospect of Winchester, Durham, York, or Canterbury, must have operated far more powerfully on the feelings and imagination of an aspiring churchman, than the obscure and unproductive diocese of Tricala in Thessaly.

—

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

Returning Spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the earth, and smooths the deep:
All nature smiles serene and gay,
It smiles, but yet, alas, I weep!
But why, why flows th' unbidden tear?
When Fate such precious boons hath lent?
The lives of those who life endear,
And tho' scarce competence—content.

Sure when no other bliss was mine,
But that which still kind Heav'n bestows:
Yet then could Peace and Hope combine,
To promise joy, and give repose:
Then have I wander'd thro' the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt
That happy bosom knew no ill;
That those who scorn'd me Time would melt,
And those I love be faultless still:
Enchanting dreams! kind was your art,
That bliss bestow'd without alloy;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter far than joy.

Ah! whence the change, that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye;
And conquers the once powerful charms,
Of Youth, of Hope, of Novelty?
'Tis harsh Experience! fatal power,
That clouds the gay, illumin'd sky;
That darkens life's meridian hour;
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far,
From that which youthful Fancy drew;
Shows Joy and Prudence oft at war,
Our woes increas'd, our comforts few;
See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the *rose* to 'scape the *thorn*,
And prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more.
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Ah! what can now my bliss restore?
Relentless pow'r! at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give caution—but withhold distrust,
And guard—but harden not my heart.

—

ABSENCE.

I have a nest of callow young:
What nestlings half so sweet as they!—
And yet I pour the joyless song,
And pant and flutter far away.

I have a mate of anxious breast,
That throbs to hear the warbled lay;
And yet I quit the widow'd nest,
And pant and flutter far away.

Oh! gentle mate of anxious breast!
Oh! chirping brood of callow young;
Why must I quit the kindred nest,
And pour in alien ears my song?

I. T.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY JOHN GREENSHIELDS, ESQ.

Dear to my soul, oh early lost!
Affection's arm was weak to save,
And Friendship's pride, and Virtue's boast,
Have sunk to an untimely grave.

Clos'd, ever clos'd, those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour shone!
And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which Musick lov'd and call'd her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold,
Where Feeling's vestal splendours glowed;
And crumbling down to common mould,
That heart where love and truth abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeign'd,
Which doubt dispelled and kindness won;
Yet the soft diffidence, that gain'd
The triumph it appear'd to shun.

Delusion all——forbear my heart,
These unavailing throbs restrain;
Destruction has perform'd his part,
And Death proclaims thy pangs are vain.

Vain tho' they be this heart must swell
With grief that time shall ne'er efface;
And still with bitter pleasure dwell,
On every virtue, every grace.

Forever lost! I vainly deem'd,
That Heaven my early friend would spare;
And darker as the prospect seem'd,
The more I struggled with Despair.

I said—yet a presaging tear
Unbidden rose, and spoke more true—
She still shall live—the unfolding year
Shall banish pain, and health renew.

She yet shall tread the flowery field,
And catch the opening roses' breath;
To watchful Love Disease shall yield,
And Friendship ward the shafts of Death.

Alas! before the violet bloom'd,
Before the snows of winter fled,
Too certain Fate my hopes consum'd,
And she was numbered with the dead.

She died—deserving to be mourn'd,
While parted worth a pang can give:
She died—by Heaven's best gifts adorn'd,
While Folly, Falsehood, Baseness, live,

Long in their vileness live secure
The noxious weed, and wounding thorn;
While snatch'd by violence ere mature,
The lily from her stem is torn.

Flower worthy Heaven—and Heaven alone,
Thee, good and pure, deserved to share—
On earth a stranger, only shown
To teach what angel natures are.

Yet, who shall blame the heart that feels,
When Heaven resumes the good it gave?
Yet, who shall scorn the tear that steals
From Friendship's eye at Virtue's grave?

Friend, Parent, Sister, tenderest names,
May I, as pale at Memory's shrine
Ye pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach, unbalm'd, and mingle mine?

Long on the joys of vanish'd years,
The glance of sadness shall be cast;
Long, long, the emphatick speech of tears
Shall mourn their bloom forever past.

And Thou! who from the orient day
Return'st, with Hope's gay dreams elate,
Falsely secure, and vainly gay,
Unconscious of the stroke of Fate,

What awaits thee? not the approving smile
Of faithful love that chases care;
Not the fond glance, o'erpaying toil—
But cold and comfortless despair.

Despair! I see the phantom rove,
By *Cart's* green banks, no longer bright,
And fiercely grasp the torch of Love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet Maiden! to thy tomb
My soul in sadness oft shall stray,
More dear to me the hallowed gloom,
Than life's broad glare or Fortune's day.

And oft, as Fancy points thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lonely bed,
The secret sigh shall rise—the tear,
That shuns observance shall be shed.

Nor shall the thought of Thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,
Till memory perish—till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following translation is offered to you with extreme diffidence. The pathetick original was accidentally heard by the translator, a few months since, and its effect was then, in a great degree, attributed to the melodious tones, the eloquence and the sensibility of the person who ut-

tered it. But its appearance in The Port Folio strongly renewed the former impression, and again charmed with its beauty, I have endeavoured to dress it in an English garb, though conscious, that by the exchange, it has lost much of its striking elegance and affecting simplicity.

MANTO.

ON THE DEATH OF MARIA ROSS.

Maria, from the earth removed,
Maria, lovely and beloved,
Has hastened to the realms of air,
To pay an angel worship there.

Ah, she has fled! and never more
Shall time the gentle maid restore,
No more these eyes again discern
The dear companion's kind return,

For she to Death's cold arms has fled,
Maria, sweetest maid is dead!
Oh thou! who for a transient space,
Wert once our plains' transcendant grace,

Nor can our steps approach, with thee,
The holy fanes of Deity,
Nor, on that high and heavenly shore,
Can we with lifted hands adore.

How oft, and oh! how high in fame
Is breathed the lost Maria's name,
Of manners, gentle and benign,
With soul of piety divine.

Let then funereal honours rise,
The gifts we bring, are tears and sighs,
The reasoning, answering Echo hears,
But finds us speechless in our tears.

Seen thus to weep along the way,
We, who this mournful service pay,
View the dear cause with bursting sighs—
Maria, our Maria dies!

To the cold urn we then intrust
These relicks of the fair and just,
And now our trembling voices swell
Thrice raised—*Maria dear, farewell!*

Yet, still to earth preserved by Fame,
Long shall endure thy honoured name,
Thy brilliant praise, thy virtues rare,
And all that grace, so heavenly fair.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I know not whether you will recognise the Wanderer's signature with pleasure or disgust. But the attention you once showed a few lines from the same pen, induces me to inclose you the following; and to confess that it will give me pleasure should they meet with the same reception. Though the "*feuille morte*" is not a favourite colour with you, the garb of real sorrow certainly deserves an indulgence, which is, with propriety, denied to the flaunting weeds of factitious affliction.

A PROSPECT OF FUTURITY.

Tormenta nulla territant,
Quae finiuntur annis.

Soon the fatal hour is coming,
When I leave this mortal life;
Soon I quit my restless roaming,
In this idle scene of strife.

Long, too long, my spirits failing,
Have I borne envenomed pain,
All my efforts unavailing,
Misery's empire to restrain.

From my early youth infested,
With a pang beyond relief,
Scarce an hour my heart has rested,
From the panting throbs of grief.

Now a frenzied fever burning,
In each wide distended vein,
Swells the purple tide returning
To the throne of life again.

Now a deathlike coldness chilling,
Shivers in my bosom deep,
Through each tortured nerve instilling,
Pangs which break my troubled sleep.

Thus, her efforts grief redoubling,
Speeds me to those mansions bless'd
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary take their rest."

LURCANIO.

THE KISS.—To ——.

When soft thy yielding hand I press'd,
And strove to wake one tender feeling,
When friendship's softest joys confess'd
My every beating pulse revealing:

The kiss I breath'd upon thy cheek,
Was pure as that by angels given,
When disembodied spirits seek,
In ecstasy their native heaven.

Why then, ah cruel, did'st thou chill,
The streams of bliss around me flowing,
Why, with a frown indignant kill
The raptures in my bosom glowing?

Ah why, unfeeling fair, disdain
To share those transports pure and holy;
To chace the life destroying pain,
Of sad desponding melancholy?

O could'st thou once perceive the joy,
Of calming such a troubled ocean,
Thy heart would hail the sweet employ,
And fondly share such bless'd emotion.

LURCANIO.

THE FAREWELL.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Jam cari capitis. Horace.

Too cruel Laura, whence this harsh command!
Thine eye averted, why this mandate stern,
To dash the plaintive pencil from my hand,
And the soft solace of thy presence shun?

Ah what my crime? that I have dar'd to love,
Yes, with a *brother's* love, a sacred flame,
Thy guardian angel smiling would approve,
Nor virtue's self could blush to own the claim.

Thou coulds't not think, I ever basely sought,
To rob thy bosom's lord, or vainly strove,
In thy chaste mind to raise one impious thought.
Which darkly pointed to illicit love.

No, thy pure soul could never stoop so low,
Could ne'er descend, suspicions false to frame.
Nor could thy piercing mind have failed to know,
A tender friendship was my only aim.

Yet thus, sweet fancy's airy visions fled,
Are friendship's beaming rays obscured in gloom,
Now must I bow to earth a frenzied head,
And unlamented seek the silent tomb.

Then be it so; too long I've sought in vain
To cheer with friends the mournful hour of care,
And ill my haughty spirit brooks disdain,
Or fond affection slighted by the fair.

Be thy stern mandate to the full obey'd,
That I have prized your virtues is too true;
And since thy friendship's but a fleeting shade,
Adieu, fond, flattering, dear-bought dreams adieu.

Yet will I often breathe an ardent prayer,
That every blessing may encompass you,
And though I sink oppress'd by dark despair,
May all *your* hours be tinged with roseate hue.

LURCANIO.

MERRIMENT.

Mr. G. examining a witness, asked him what his business was? he answered, "A dealer in old iron." "Then," said the council, "you must of course be a thief." "I don't see," replied the witness, "why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in *brass*."

A *lady* going into Drury-Lane Theatre, one evening that Garrick played, was so roughly jostled by the crowd, that her ruffles were torn off. She entered her box in a perfect fury, which was not a little increased by Mr. W. complimenting her, that notwithstanding the rude usage she had met with, she was *unruffled*.

Mr. *Hare*, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. *Fox*, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window he observed two of them at the door;—"Pray, gentlemen," says he, "are you *Fox* hunting, or *Hare* hunting this morning?"

A *tanner* having invited a supervisor to dine with him, after pushing the bottle about pretty freely, the supervisor took leave, but in crossing the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called loudly for the tanner's assistance to take him out, but to no purpose: "For," says the tanner, "if I draw a hide without giving twelve hours notice, I shall be exchequered; but I will go and inform the exciseman."

A *physician* being one day rallied on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That," answered his friend, "is exactly what Jack Ketch says."

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